Till time lend friends, and friends their helpfull ſwords.
King Oh God oh God that ere this tong of mine,
That laid the ſentence of dread baniſhment
On yon proude man ſhould take it off againe
With words of ſooth! Oh that I were as great
As is my griefe, or leſſer than my name!
Or that I could forget what I haue beene!
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swellſt thou (proud heart) Ile giue thee ſcope to beate,
Since foes haue ſcope to beate both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes backe from Bullingbrooke
King What muſt the King do now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall do it: muſt he be depoſde?
The king ſhall be contented: muſt he looſe
The name of King? a Gods name let it go:
Ile giue my iewels for a ſet of Beades:
My gorgeous pallace for a hermitage:
My gay apparel for an almeſmans gowne:
My figurde goblets for a diſh of wood:
My ſcepter for a Palmers walking ſtaffe:
My ſubiects for a paire of carued Saintes,
And my large kingdome for a little graue,
A little little graue, an obſcure graue,
Or Ile be buried in the Kings high way,
Some way of common trade, where ſubiects feete
May hourely trample on their ſoueraignes head;
For on my heart they treade now whilſt I liue:
And buried once, why not vpon my head?
Aumerle thou weepſt (my tender-hearted coſin)
Weele make fowle weather with deſpiſed teares;
Our ſighs and they ſhall lodge the ſummer corne,
And make a dearth in this reuolting land:
Or ſhall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make ſome prety match with ſheading teares,
As thus to drop them ſtill vpon one place,
Till they haue fretted vs a paire of graues
Within the earth, and therein laide; there lies

Two kinſmen digd their
Would not this ill do we
I talke but idlely, and yo
Moſt mightie Prince my
What ſaies king Bulling
Giue Richard leaue to li
You make a leg and Bull
North. My Lord, in th
To ſpeake with you, ma
King. Downe, downe
Wanting the manage o
In the baſe court, baſe co
To come at traitors calls,
In the baſe court come do
For nightowles ſhreeke
Bull. What ſaies his ma
North. Sorrowe and g
Makes him ſpeake fondl
Yet he is come.
Bull. Stand all apart,
And ſhew faire dutie to
My gratious Lord.
King. faire coſen, you
To make the baſe earth
Me rather had my hart
Then my vnpleaſed eie
Vp coſen vp, your har
Thus high at leaſt, altho
Bull. My gratious Lor
King. Your owne is y
Bull. So farre be mine
As my true ſeruice ſhall
King. Well you deſer
That know the ſtrong
Vncle giue me your ha
Teares ſhew their loue,
Coſen I am to yong t

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